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## THE MANIAC GIRL.

By Helen L. Boswick.  
Beside a brook where willows bent,  
Like weeping listeners down to hear,  
A maniac girl her sad lament  
Poured out upon my pitying ear.  
"Sad stranger, is thy grief the same?  
A bridal with a bride forlorn?  
I was thus charmed my wedding morn.  
That morn, the April sunshine smiled;  
Unwonted seemed the glad, clear light;  
For March had been a gloomy child,  
And sullen wept by day and night.  
The village youths and maidens gay,  
A merry group, came down the vale;  
He walked with them the public way,  
Till near the bridge—they tell the tale,  
"But no—alas! love's luckless haste!  
A shorter path my Henry took,  
Here, where in summer, careless placed,  
A foot-way spanned the swollen brook,  
None but these willows marked him try:  
The plank, made slippery by the rain:  
I love them, for they saw him die,  
And stretched their arms to save in vain!"  
"Three times, since that unlucky morn,  
The April buds have burst to bloom;  
Three times, when the yellow corn,  
The reapers sang the harvest home;  
Three winters o'er that lowly mound,  
Heaven turned to ice my scalding tears;  
My heart hath lain beneath the ground,  
Beside my love, three weary years."  
"I rest no more—I cannot sleep,  
Save when the March rains drench my hair,  
I lay me on the bank to weep,  
Oblivion wraps me gently there;  
And soon, I know, the March will come,  
When, slumbering by the rising tide,  
Its dimpled arms shall bear me home,  
Where a fond bridegroom waits his bride."

## A PRAYER.

God Almighty! Precious savior!  
Comforter, in mercy given,  
Help me, guide me, ne'er forsake me,  
Lead me to the promised Heaven.  
When I feel my strength decaying,  
When the heart-strings come to fast,  
Let me feel Thee, O Father, near me,  
Sure Thou'lt bring me safe at last.  
When the sky is dark around me,  
And the clouds are laden all,  
Wilt Thou listen, gracious Saviour?  
Hear me, Father, when I call?  
Weakest of the weak ones am I,  
Full of dread of coming ill,  
But, my Father, I can drink it,  
If Thou but the cup dost fill.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Observer.]  
LETTER FROM GRANT THORNBURN.  
WRITTEN ON HIS 33RD BIRTHDAY.

WINSTED, CONN., Feb. 18, 1855.

MR. PRINTER:

This day I enter on my eighty-third year. Except that my hearing and seeing are not so acute, I am not sensible of any material decay for the last fifty years. During that period, I have been only one day confined to the house by sickness! Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life; I owe the Giver of all good a large debt of gratitude.

And as there is but a step between me and death, I owe it to generations yet to come, to tell what I saw and heard of Thomas Paine. Perhaps there lives not a man on earth, who traced him from his cradle to his grave, except myself. Carver and I were fellow-laborers in the same shop. Paine and Carver were born in the same town in England. Paine and I boarded with Carver. I often heard Carver, his wife, and Paine, as we four sat by the fire on a winter night, rehearse the items of his life. I think he was the worst member of the body politic I ever met in all my journey through life. He married a respectable lady, who died eleven months thereafter, in consequence of brutal treatment. He then married a daughter of the Collector of the Port of Lewis; after three years she obtained a divorce for life treatment.

In 1773, while he held an office in the Custom House, (given him by his father-in-law,) he was detected in taking bribes from the smugglers, and fled to America. He was made Secretary to the private Committee of Congress, and took an oath of office to keep their secrets. He broke this oath by divulging the project of a secret mission to the Court of France by Silas Dean. He was dismissed with disgrace. (See the Journal of Congress in 1774 or 8.) This treachery was the cause of much trouble in Congress, and in the Court of Louis XVI.

We next find him in Paris, helping Robespierre in his labors of love to establish the freedom of the Press, and the right of speech, by means of the guillotine. He quarrelled with Robespierre, and was charged for the guillotine. God, willing to make the wrath of Paine to praise Him, sent an angel who delivered him out of prison. (For particulars of this miracle, see the Life of Thornburn, 101st page.)

In 1801, when King Thomas the First ascended the throne of his kingdom, he instantly dispatched a national frigate to convey to our shores the *renowned* Thomas Paine. He arrived early in the year 1802. I spoke with him at the City Hotel, Bowery, a few hours after his arrival. He found letters urging him on to Washington, (then a four days' journey.) He started next morning. At Georgetown a messenger was sent forward to announce his approach; a feast was got ready, and all those of like thinking were invited. Paine entered late, his shirt unwashed, his beard unshorn, and reeling like a drunken man. A look of consternation shone forth from every face, mirth ceased; one by one they went out, leaving Paine alone on his chair fast asleep. Next day he received letters and instructions to return to New York.

When Aaron Burr returned from Eu-

rope, whither he had fled after his duel with Hamilton, he kept his office in Nassau street, near my seed-store. From him I received the account as above stated.

Paine, on his return, was unable to find lodgings. Carver took him in for old acquaintance sake. He died at Greenwich, of delirium tremens, in 1809.

To return from this old infidel to myself, I am now near the end of my journey. It is a coincidence worth noting, that on the 13th of April, 1794, I first sailed from Scotland, and on the 13th of April, 1854, I first entered my dwelling in this place, being sixty years complete. The yard of my dwelling is separated from the Presbyterian church and its place of skulls by a fence. If it so wills heaven, here my bones will rest "till time shall be no more."

The partner whom God has given me, is a light to my feet, and a lamp to my path—making smooth my track to the Banks of Jordan. She hath "known the Scriptures from her youth up." A thankful heart completes my happiness.

Yours,  
GRANT THORNBURN.

## A FUR TRADE ADVENTURE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

Colter, with the hardihood of a regular trader, had cast himself loose from the party of Lewis and Clark, in the very heart of the wilderness, and had remained to trap beaver alone, on the head waters of the Missouri. Here he fell in with another lonely trapper like himself, named Potts, they agreed to keep together. They were in the very region of the terrible Blackfoot, at that time thirsting to revenge the death of their companions, and knew that they had to expect no mercy at their hands. They were obliged to keep all day in the woody margins of the rivers, setting their traps at nightfall, and taking them up before daybreak. It was a fearful risk for a few beaver skins, but such is the life of a trapper.

They were on a branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and had set their traps at night, about six miles from a small river that had emptied itself into the forks. Early in the morning they ascended the river in a canoe to examine the traps. The banks on each side were high and perpendicular and cast a shade over the stream. As they were softly paddling along, they heard the tramping of many feet upon the banks. Colter immediately gave the alarm of "Indians!" and was for instant retreat. Potts scoffed at him for being frightened at the tramping of a herd of buffaloes. Colter checked his uneasiness, and paddled forward. They had not gone much farther, when frightful whoops and yells burst forth from each side of the river, and several hundred Indians appeared on either bank. Signs were made to the unfortunate trappers to come on shore. They were obliged to comply. Before they could get out of their canoe, a savage seized the rifle of Potts. Colter sprang on shore, wrested the weapon from the hands of the Indian, and restored it to his companion, who was still in the canoe, and immediately pushed into the stream. There was a sharp twang of a bow, and Potts cried out that he was wounded. Colter urged him to come on shore and submit, as his only chance for life; but the other knew there was no prospect of mercy, and determined to die game, leveling his rifle, he shot one of the savages dead on the spot. The next moment he fell himself, pierced with numerous arrows.

The vengeance of the savages was now turned upon Colter. He was stripped naked, and having some knowledge of the Blackfoot language, overheard a consultation as to the mode of dispatching him, so as to derive the greatest amusement from his death. Some were for setting him up as a mark, and having a trial of skill at his expense. The Chief, however, was for nobler sport. He seized Colter by the collar, and demanded if he could run fast. The unfortunate trapper was too well acquainted with the Indian customs not to comprehend the drift of the question. He was to run for his life, to furnish a kind of human hunt to his persecutors. Though in reality he was noted by his brother hunters for swiftness on foot, he assured the Chief he was a very bad runner. His stratagem gained him some vantage ground. He was led by the Chief into the prairie, about four hundred yards from the main body of savages, and then turned loose, to save himself if he could.

A tremendous yell let him know that the whole pack of blood-hounds were in full cry. Colter flew rather than ran; but he had six miles of prairie to traverse before he could reach Jefferson Ford of the Missouri; how could he hope to hold out such a distance with the odds of seven hundred to one against him? The plain, too, abounded with the prickly pear, which wounded his naked feet. Still he flew on, dreading each moment to hear the twang of a bow, and feel an arrow quiver at his heart. He did not even dare to look round, lest he should lose an inch of that distance on which his life depended. He had run nearly halfway across the plain, when the sound of pursuit grew somewhat fainter, and he ventured to turn his head. The main body of his pursuers were considerable distance behind him; several of the fastest runners

were scattered in the distance; while a swift-footed warrior, armed with a spear, was not more than a hundred yards behind him.

Inspired with new hope, Colter redoubled his exertions, but strained himself to such a degree that the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and streamed down his breast. He arrived within a mile of the river. The sound of footsteps gathered upon him. A glance behind showed his pursuer within twenty yards, and preparing to lance his spear. Stopping short, he turned round and spread out his arms. The savage, confounded by this sudden action, attempted to stop and hurl his spear, but fell in the very act. His spear stuck in the ground, and the shaft broke in his hand. Colter picked up the pointed part, pinned the savage to the earth, and continued his flight.

The Indians, as they arrived at their slaughtered companion, stopped to howl over him. Colter made the most of this precious delay, gained the skirts of the cotton wood bordering the river, dashed through it, and plunged into the stream. He swam to the neighboring island, against the upper end of which the drift-wood had lodged in such quantities as to form a natural raft; under this he dived, and swam below water until he succeeded in getting a breathing place between the floating trunks of trees, whose branches and bushes formed a cover, several feet above the water. They plunged into the river and swam to the raft, passing and repassing, and seeking for him in all directions. They at length gave up the search, and he then swam silently down the river, and made his escape.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN A PROTESTANT YOUNG MAN AND A CATHOLIC YOUNG LADY WHO WERE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED BUT QUARRELED ABOUT THEIR RELIGION.

The Catholic Telegraph is permitted to publish the following letters "with the consent of the young lady interested." The lady was educated at an Ursuline Convent, and the marriage adjourned by the annexed documents was to have taken place on New Year's Day:

—, December 1, 1854.

DEAREST —: The mutual regard which I am so happy to know exists between us, and the exchange of sacred vows which I ardently expect will be the result before long, gave me courage to consult with you on a subject which is of the first importance, and one which my relatives are pressing on my attention. Amongst the obstacles to happiness, there are none so likely to introduce discontent as a want of union in religious sentiments. If we offer our devotion at the same altar in religion, as well as love, you must be aware, dear —, that it will cement in a wonderful degree, our hearts. Do you think, then, that you could worship with me in the Presbyterian or any other Protestant church? In our happy country, all religions are alike, and your good sense must assure you that forms of faith are of small importance, provided our lives be virtuous. Moreover, dearest, we must not overlook, in marriage, those less sentimental but more solid considerations which have reference to the prosperous condition of worldly comfort and respectability. There is, as you are aware, a very deep-rooted antipathy to the faith in which, without any fault of yours, you have been educated, and it would seriously interfere with my successful pursuit of business, were I to contract so close an intimacy with a person professing Roman Catholicism. Should you resolve, however, as I have no doubt you will, to worship the same God, only in another church, we will both acquire a sympathy and regard, the consequence of which will be truly desirable and must be propitious to our welfare. I know that, in a matter like this, you will wish to consult your friends, though their consent, you know, is not at all imperative; yet, in order that you may do so with freedom, I give you my full consent to make known my sentiments privately or publicly, as you may think proper. Though you may call this a business letter—it is so different from our usual correspondence—and laugh at my seriousness, yet I shall expect your answer with great anxiety. In the meantime my heart is ever yours, and your image is daguerreotypied upon it indelibly by love's own warm smile, and with his fidelity to the original.

Believe me, dearest —, to be ever yours in life and death.

—, December 3, 1854.

DEAR —: I received your letter just ten minutes since, and my judgment tells me to answer at once, without any consultation, because none is needed. When you asked me to give you my heart and its affections, I consented, because I admired, and respected, and loved you; but I did not at the same time agree to surrender to you my soul, and its eternal hopes. Had you asked me to make such a sacrifice as that, I would have refused not only you, but an arch angel, could any such bright spirit propose a like question to me. Remember, dear —, that religion with us Catholics is not an opinion at all—it is far more, even, than a logical conviction—it is faith, which is grand and powerful in proportion to the divinity in which it trusts. Such is my idea of faith, but I do not pretend to be a theologian. Now, dearest —, I could not, without a horrible contempt for myself, surrender God, to win a husband, even as accomplished as you, and the only one to whom I have plighted vows of love. I would be guilty of an enormous crime, if I were even to pretend to a conversion in which my understanding and heart had no part. Every idea of honor which I have learned, forbid such a prostration of my character. You could not even respect me yourself, could I be so easily induced to desert my hopes of heaven. Could I be faithless to God and faithful to man? I knew, dear —, that you did not agree with me in my religious sentiments, but I never thought of requiring from you such a heavy obligation as you would impose on me.

But I must argue the question with you; for though you are a lawyer, I am not afraid of entering into a little controversy with you: so now look grave, for I am going to lecture you. You say, dear —, that "in our happy country all religions are alike." Well, granted; why then can't you relinquish yours and join mine? Wouldn't that be as reasonable as for me to relinquish mine and profess yours? But you place it on the ground of expediency—on the unpopularity of our Church. Well, you need not change yours; you would do wrong to abandon your creed and unite with mine, unless you firmly believe in it. As for the smiles of worldly prosperity—though I would not uselessly disregard them, yet a true born American, with a proper estimate of his honor, would prefer the rags of poverty, sooner than clothe with silks a dishonored and violated conscience. Your own good sense and enlightened mind will convince you, my dear —, that I am right; and I am confident that your reply, which I will expect with anxiety, as you do this, will remove this thorn from the bright eyes of love, whose light I hope will ever beam graciously on our lives.

Truly yours,  
—, December 9, 1854.  
DEAR MISS —, I must candidly acknowledge that your letter greatly disappointed me. I thought that your intelligence had risen above all those antique and dusty opinions, whose proper period was the middle ages and their proper locality in Spain. I have now and then observed among Catholics, educated like yourself, a strange fashion of ascending above the realities of life on the airy pinions of what you call faith. But such theories do not advance a professional man—do not rob a house, or supply the necessities, much less the elegancies of a home. I thought, on this account, you would readily enter into my views, but you refuse to do so. Well, I will abandon my request. I am too much devoted to you to allow even a difference like this, serious and most important as it is, to weaken the love which unites our hearts. You ladies, and you are the very first among them all, dear —, contrive occasionally to introduce such exalted notions into your beautiful heads, that to remove them would be as easy as to attempt to chain the zephyrs or rob the violet of its perfume. Well, then, in conclusion, I must inform you that I have read your letter to the family. It would be improper to deceive you on the subject of my parents' opinions. Their attachment to the Presbyterian faith is very great, and the idea of my union with a Catholic, even with you, whom they know so well and so highly respect—darkens their countenances and distresses me very much. They have, however, renewed their consent, but they require us to be married by the Presbyterian clergyman. This, dear —, I agree with them in asking as a right, because it is a duty I owe them not to distress their hearts nor do violence to their religious principles, by permitting the ministry of a Catholic clergyman. As your church, dear —, does not consider such marriages invalid, you can have no objection to this arrangement, which will thus unite us never again to part in life. Understand, dearest, that I am compelled to consider the ministry of a Protestant clergyman only indispensable to our union.

Your devoted  
—, December 12, 1854.

Esq.

DEAR SIR—I shall not ask you to do any violence to the religious principles of your parents, nor will I consent to have any offered to mine. When I consented to marry you, I was not aware that your father and mother, with their religious principles were included in the agreement. The care which you take not to offend your parents, cannot be greater than that which I must observe not to offend God. The tone of your letter betrays the spirit of your love. It is not a rosy spirit, as poets and lovers have described it, but a spirit hedged around with thorns. I think, sir, as I am still free, I had better remain so. You will find some one who will readily consent not to do violence to the religious principles of your parents. If I consented, sir, to be made a slave before marriage, by surrendering my rights of conscience, I feel quite satisfied that I would deserve to be something worse than a slave after marriage. I had little thought that this

would be the final of so many pleasant days, and words, and letters. If you should feel it as much as I do, (for I care not to conceal my emotions,) you can have recourse to that world which you fear so much for consolation. As for me, I will try to forget a love which was so unworthy that it refused to be appeased except by the sacrifice of honor and conscience.

No more from — Yours, etc.

SCIENTIFIC FUN.—John Phoenix, of the San Diego Herald, has written a lecture on astronomy, from which we extract the following amusing account of

THE EARTH.

The Earth, or as the Latins call it, Tellus, (from which originated the expression, 'do tell us,') is the third planet in the Solar System, and the one on which we subsist with all our important joys and sorrows. The San Diego Herald is published weekly on this planet, for five dollars per annum, payable in variably in advance.

As the Earth is by no means the most important planet in the system, there is no reason to suppose that it is particularly distinguished from the others by being inhabited. It is reasonable, therefore, to conclude that all the other planets of the system are filled with living, moving and sentient beings; and as some of them are superior to the Earth in size and position, it is not improbable that their inhabitants may be superior to us in physical and mental organization.

But if this were a demonstrable fact, instead of mere hypothesis, it would be found a very difficult matter to persuade us of its truth. To the inhabitants of Venus, the Earth appears like a brilliant star, very much in fact, as Venus appears to us; and, reasoning from analogy, we are led to believe that the election of Mr. Pierce, the European war, or the split in the great democratic party, produced but very little excitement among them.

To the inhabitants of Jupiter, our important globe appears like a small star of the fourth or fifth magnitude. We fleetless some years ago gazing with astonishment upon the inhabitants of a drop of water, developed by the solar microscope, and secretly wondering whether they were not reasoning beings, with souls to be saved.

It is not altogether a pleasant reflection that a highly scientific inhabitant of Jupiter, armed with a telescope of (to us) inconceivable form, may be pursuing a similar course of inquiry, and indulging in a similar speculation regarding our earth and its inhabitants. Gazing with curious eye, his attention is suddenly attracted by the movements of a grand celebration of the Fourth of July in N. Y., or a mighty convention in Baltimore. "Bless my soul," he exclaims, "I declare they're alive, these little creatures—do see them wiggle." To an inhabitant of the Sun, however, he of Jupiter is probably insignificant, and the sun man is possibly a mere atom in the opinion of the dweller of Sirius. A little reflection on these subjects lead to the opinion, that the death of an individual man on this earth, though perhaps as important an event as can occur to himself, is calculated to cause no great convulsion of nature, or disturb particularly, the great aggregate of created beings.

The earth moves round the sun from west to east in a year, and turns on its axis in a day; thus moving at the rate of 68,000 miles in a hour in its orbit, and rolling around at the tolerable rapid rate of 1040 miles an hour. As our readers have seen that when a man is galloping a horse violently over a smooth road, if the horse from viciousness or other cause suddenly stops, the man keeps on at the same rate, over the animal's head, so we, supposing the earth to be suddenly arrested on its axis, men, women, children, horses, cattle and sheep, donkeys, and editors, members of Congress, with all their goods and chattels, would be thrown off into the air, at a speed of 173 miles a minute, every mother's son of us describing the arc of a parabola, which is probably the only description we should be able to give of the affair.

This catastrophe, to one sufficiently collected to enjoy it, would doubtless, be exceedingly amusing; but as there would probably be no time for laughing, we pray that it may not occur until after our demise; when, should it take place, our monument will probably accompany the movement. It is a singular fact that if a man travel round the earth in an easterly direction, he will find on returning to the place of departure, he has gained one whole day; the reverse of this proposition being true also, it follows that the Yankees, who are constantly traveling to the west do not live so long by a day or two, as they would if they had staid at home; and supposing each Yankee's time to be worth \$1.50 per day, it may be easily shown that a considerable amount of money is annually lost by their roving dispositions.

Science is yet but in her infancy; with its growth new discoveries of an astounding nature will doubtless be made, among which, probably, will be some method by which the course of the earth may be altered, and it be steered with the same ease and regularity through space and among the stars, as a steamboat is directed through the water. It

will be a very interesting spectacle to see the earth 'rounding too,' with her head in the air of Jupiter, while the Moon is sent off laden with mails and passengers for the planet, to bring back mails and a party of rowdy Jupiterians going to attend a grand prize fight in the ring of Saturn.

Well, Christopher Columbus would have been as much astonished at the revelation of a steamboat, and the locomotive engine, as we should be to witness the above performance, which our intelligent posterity during the ensuing year A. D. 2000, will possibly look upon as a very common place affair.

Only three days ago we asked a medium where Sir John Franklin was at that time; to which, he replied he was cruising about (officers and crew all well) on the interior of the earth, to which he had obtained entrance through Symmes' Hole!

From the Southern Presbyterian.

DIED FOR OTHERS.—The large College edifice of the Baptist Male College at Marion, Ala., was, a short time since, burned down. The building was four stories high. The two upper stories were occupied by the students. It was midnight. There lay the students fast asleep. At the foot of the stairs which went up in the centre of the building a fire broke out, and was mounting rapidly toward the summit. In the second story lay "Harry," a servant of the President of the College, who took care of the rooms and waited on the students. At the end next the stairs, the flames were burning into his room. Another servant was with him in the same room. They ran to the window and found all clear outside. The other boy said to Harry, "Jump for your life!" "No," said he, "not yet. My young masters, the students, will perish unless I awake them." He burst open the door—rushed into the flames, making his way up stairs; his clothes caught fire—he burned to death in attempting to save others!

His fellow servant leaped out, as he had exhorted Harry to do, and saved his life. The students, also, leaped from the upper windows—escaping death, but received terrible injuries! Harry alone lost his life. The students, overwhelmed with grief and filled with admiration for this noble martyr, resolved to erect a monument over his grave. A liberal contribution for this purpose was immediately raised. The Baptist State Convention met shortly after this in Marion. Wells of deep emotion were stirred in the bosoms of that assembly. New buildings must be erected. Harry's memory must be perpetuated. By a unanimous resolve funds were contributed and an order was passed to insert a marble block in the new edifice, inscribed, "HARRY." Thus, by the joint action of the students and the Convention, has due honor been done to this boy—colored though he was, and a servant!

THE QUEEN AND THE CHILD.—The gardener of a Queen of Germany had a little daughter, with whose religious instruction he had taken great pains. When this child was five years of age the queen saw her one day while visiting the royal gardens, and was so much pleased with her, that a week afterwards she expressed a wish to see the little girl again. The father brought the child to the palace, and a page conducted her into the royal presence. When she saw the queen she kissed her robe and modestly took the seat which had been placed for her at the queen's order. From this spot she could overlook the table at which the queen was dining with the ladies of her court; and they watched with interest to see the effect of so much splendor on the simple child. She looked carelessly on the costly dresses of the royal party, the gold dishes of the table, and the pomp with which all was conducted; and then folding her hands, she sang with her clear, childish voice—

"Jesus! thy blood and righteousness  
Are all my ornaments and dress;  
Fearless, with these pure garments on,  
I'll view the splendors of thy throne."

All the assembly were struck with surprise at seeing so much feeling and piety in one so young. Tears filled the eyes of the ladies; and the queen exclaimed, "Ah, happy child, how far are we below you!"

THE LEADING HOTEL OF CINCINNATI.—The Burnet House—published a bulletin last week stating that the proprietor would conform to the Ohio Liquor Law, and sell nothing but beer, wine, and cider. Several other of the leading hotels of the city have followed in the wake of the Burnet House. The Germans over the canal would do well to take a hint.

THE EDITOR OF THE HAWESVILLE EAGLE, Ill., invites a man who had taken offence at one of his articles, to walk up to his sanctum and get kicked out! Very civil.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR, in acknowledging the receipt of the "Life of Horace Greeley," asks—"Will anybody attempt James Gordon Bennett's?"

He that hath a good book in his hand, but not a lesson in his heart or life, is like an ass that carrieth a burden, and feeds upon the thistles.

He is a fool that cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not.

YOUNG SOVEREIGN NOT MARRIED.—During the ceremony of jubilation over the announcement of the immaculate conception, being within St. Peter's, I witnessed, says a correspondent of the Crusader, a curious occurrence between a Papal major and a French officer. Major Casciani (father of that famous young Casciani who denounced to the Papal police several of his political friends) having ordered his soldiers to kneel down, perceived that a French officer was standing. Casciani commanded him *prostrare a terra*, but the foreign officer remained immovable. This irritated the Papal centurion to such a pitch that he drew his sword in the temple of the Goddess of Heaven, and was going to assail the French officer, when Col. Guglielmi interfered in time to prevent a collision. I learned afterward that this officer is a Protestant, and when the ceremony of the Immaculate Conception was over, he asked the Papal major with what right he ordered him to kneel before the holy wafer? "I am commanded by my sovereign," answered the Papal major. "Well," replied the stern Huguenot, "tell your sovereign that the French have no orders to receive from him, we being his protectors, and that, for myself, I kneel only to God."

THE RICH AND THE POOR.—When I compare together different classes as existing at this moment in the civilized world, I cannot think the difference between the rich and the poor, in regard to mere physical suffering, so great as is sometimes imagined. That some of the indigent among us die of scanty food, is undoubtedly true; but vastly more, in this community, die from eating too much; vastly more from excess than starvation. So, as to clothing, many shiver from want of defenses against the cold; but there is vastly more suffering among the rich from absurd and criminal modes of dress, which fashion has sanctioned, than among the poor from deficiency of raiment. Our daughters are often brought to the grave by their rich attire, than our beggars by their nakedness. So the poor are often overworked; but they suffer less than many among the rich, who have no work to do, no interesting object to fill up life, to satisfy the infinite craving of man for action. According to our present modes of education, how many of our daughters are victims to ennui!—a misery unknown to the poor, and more intolerable than the weariness of excessive toil. The idle young man, spending the day in exhibiting his person in the street, ought not to excite the envy of the overworked poor; and this cumberer of the ground is found exclusively among the rich.—Channing.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BED.—The French romancer, Clemence Robert, expresses thus warmly an appreciation of one of those every-day (night) comforts, which, in the frequency they are enjoyed, are sometimes less highly valued than they deserve to be:

A bed is certainly the most precious and the most favorable asylum to be found here below. In fact, when I look at it, and when I think, as I step into it, how one is suddenly, as if by enchantment, rid of fatigue, cold, wind, dust, rain, importunate visitors, tedious conversation, common-place remarks, pompous assertions, bragging, putting forth headstrong opinions, contradictions, discussions, travelling stories, confidential reading of a poem or a whole tragedy, explanations of systems in long words, interminable monologues, and that, in place of all these, one has pictures, thoughts, memories to be called up—that he is in the midst of a chosen society of phantoms and visions just of his mind, and all these dreams which a foreign writer calls "moonlight of the brain"—when I think of all this, as I look at a bed, I know not what words to make use of to express my enthusiasm and veneration, and I am almost ready to bow in adoration before it.

AN ECCENTRIC MAN.—Harmon Weedon who recently died in Cayuga county, New York, at the age of 36, was a character. He had acquired a competency, and many years ago made all his arrangements for his burial. He constructed for himself a stone coffin of the Cayuga Lime stone, well finished, the cover setting over the sides on a rabbitted shoulder, and bolted together with six half inch bolts, running through from top to bottom, secured with counter sunk nuts. He requested to be buried in that with "his cloak wrapped around him," and no minister was allowed to come near him. His coffin weighed one thousand five hundred pounds, and he gave particular directions how to lower him into the grave. All of his directions were explicitly followed, and by his direction the coffin was not only bolted but cemented together so as to be water tight.

A VALUABLE HEN.—Rev. Mr. Pilcher, of Adrian, Michigan, announces in the Watchtower, that he possesses a white Shanghai hen that has laid one egg every day for one hundred and twenty-three successive days, and on the one hundred and twenty-second day she laid two eggs. Fifty such hens would afford an income of five hundred dollars a year, which would support a small family.